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not only repudiates a comparison with Goethe and Heine, he places him below Novalis and Hölderlin in the *dons musicaux* (P. 817).

This book as a whole can be heartily welcomed by students of Hebbel. His enemies may quote it in part, but his friends may take it as a whole. Even those of us who have never questioned, with the poet, whether his great talent was lyric or dramatic, can be well satisfied with this further indication that the fruits of his toil are being valued more and more beyond the limits of his native land.

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THE HISTORY OF HENRY FIELDING, by Wilbur L. Cross.
3 volumes. Yale University Press, 1918.

In the title of this biography Professor Cross does himself the pleasure of imitating that of his hero's masterpiece, and in the Preface he intimates that Fielding called *Tom Jones* a "history" because it was to appear as a biography "that places in the proper social background all the incidents in the life of a man essential to knowing him, in conjunction with a sufficient account of the persons who bore upon that life for good or evil." It may or may not be worth while to question this explanation, so far as concerns *Tom Jones*. Mr. Cross, at any rate, gives a quite different one in another mood, telling us (ii, 161) that the novel was so called because "many of its characters were drawn from real men and women," and "many of its incidents had come within [the author's] observation." In fact neither reason is either certain or necessary, since the ordinary use of "history" as the equivalent of "story" was a sufficient explanation of the title-page to every eighteenth-century reader.¹ But this is by the way. Certainly Mr. Cross's *History of Fielding* undertakes to place all the incidents of Fielding's life "in the proper social background," and, in general, to do what used to be implied in entitling a biography from the "Life and Times" of its subject; and it does this with extraordinary thoroughness, clearness, and sustained narrative energy. To those familiar with the same writer's *Life of Sterne* it is almost sufficient to say that he has produced a companion biography worthy of the earlier work, but even more obviously the fruit of long and affectionate research. And the Yale Press, issuing the volumes on the William McKean Brown Foundation, has added the quality of appropriately sumptuous form.

¹ Compare, for instance, "The History of the two Children in the Wood," "The History of Two Modern Adventurers," "History of the Unfortunate Daughter," "The Princely History of Crispin and Crispianus,"—not to go outside Fielding's own period.

It would be ungracious to complain that an endowed printer made possible a too tempting liberality in space. The theme of Fielding and his art suggests "God's plenty" to one who treats of him, and the length and versatility of his career give scope for detailed study of certain aspects of his age which one is grateful to find so amply fulfilled. In particular, Mr. Cross's researches in the period of Fielding's work for the stage, and again in his period as a publicist, properly expand the biography beyond what the mere student of Fielding the novelist would anticipate. Yet it is also true that even these sections, and certainly the work as a whole, are longer than need required. In part this is due to a fondness for leisurely periphrastic synopses of one or another portion of Fielding's work, where the passage either might be assumed to be familiar, or might better be rehearsed in his own words. Mr. Cross seems to think it more elegant to paraphrase, somewhat in the manner of a British reporter, than to quote:

"To this picture were given, said Fielding, various interpretations. Some readers thought the ass symbolized the author himself. . . . Again, he had heard it suggested that the Jesuit stood for the old Chevalier. . . . But all these resemblances to particular persons were, Fielding avowed, fanciful. . . . He hoped that no offence would be taken at the emblem, for none was intended." (ii, 68.)

Of this the most remarkable instance is the elaborate retelling of the immortal account of Parson Adams' visit to Parson Trulliber (i, 329); any reader who was forgetful of this would be most unlikely to peruse Mr. Cross's book.

We are here concerned with a deep-seated, though no very important, matter of taste; and it may be that some light is thrown on it by a passage in Mr. Cross's Preface to the late Professor Lounsbury's work on the *Life and Times of Tennyson*, where the amazing statement is made that the author's "mastery of style" places him among the "foremost prose writers of recent times." One would have said that all scholars had agreed in admiring the acute and stimulating character of Professor Lounsbury's criticism, and at the same time in lamenting that he seemed to find it necessary to make his writings of something like twice the length which the material demanded, and to indulge himself rather too freely in a kind of juvenile mannerism of ponderous triviality. To students of literary influences it may, then, be a matter of some interest to find in this *History of Fielding* not merely the familiar method of agreeable redundancy, but sometimes such a passage as the following, in the veritable Lounsbury manner:

"[Scott] had reached the last chapters of *Rob Roy* before he saw that if Francis Osbaldistone was to be rewarded by the hand of Diana Vernon a fortune must be found for the young gentleman. As it happened, the only way to give him a fortune was to make him the heir to his uncle Sir Hildebrand. But unfortunately several strong, healthy sons of the old knight were still living.

There were, I think, five or six of them. The number, whatever it was, did not daunt Scott. One by one he rid his plot of them, letting them die a violent death or quietly in bed, until they were all gone and the novel could conclude." (iii, 207.)

It is also of the essence of this method to introduce conjecture into positive history, because of its usefulness in filling in details where the known facts provide only outlines. Mr. Cross does this with perfect candor, not confusing the known and the guessed; yet the total impression is not always such as a scholarly conscience can approve. The identifications of anonymous authorship are frequently of this character. Quoting from the *Jacobite's Journal* a sufficiently ordinary passage on the death of Thomson,² Mr. Cross comments that "this good feeling, finely expressed," shows "the unmistakable mark of Fielding's hand." (ii, 65.) The unknown authors of various papers in the *Covent-Garden Journal* are guessed with a kind of intimation that there is more in the guess-work than can be proved. "It is hardly more than conjecture to say that W. W. conceals Arthur Murphy." "Again, it would be mere conjecture to identify Benevolus with Dr. Ranby." A review of Gibbs' translation of Osorio's *History of the Portuguese* "may have been prepared by the translator himself." An elegy on Prince Frederick, surely such as might have been penned by almost any versifier of the period, "appears" to show "the imagery of a Christopher Smart;"—it will be noticed how the margin of safety is subtly increased by the indefinite article. After such identifications as these, one is disarmed by the ingenuous admission, "The identity of the persons whom we have met has not been always quite determined." Again, Mr. Cross repeatedly discerns Fielding's own hand with the aid of his fondness for the antiquated third person "hath," and thereafter depreciates the whole process by the cautious reminder that "Fielding was not quite alone in employing obsolescent forms of the verb." The fact is, of course, that such identifications depend very greatly upon the indefinable processes of a competent reader who is saturated with the manner of the person and the period concerned; and so far as Mr. Cross invites us simply to trust him on that ground, few would be disposed to refuse to do so.

These are minor matters. The most important aspect of the *History* is the question of the total impression of Fielding's personality, both in itself and as expressed in his novels, as related to current critical opinion. This is Mr. Cross's own view as to his principal achievement, and he admits that he began the work with a single prepossession, "that the author of *Tom*

² "The goodness of his heart, which overflowed with benevolence, humanity, universal charity, and every amiable virtue, was best known to those who had the happiness of his acquaintance," etc.

Jones could not have been the kind of man described in innumerable books and essays." It was doubtless this aspect of the subject which led him to include a careful account of Fielding's reputation, and of the reputation of his works, from his own time to the present,—a proceeding so obviously admirable that one hopes it may hereafter be viewed as an indispensable requisite of the biography of a man of letters. The result, in the present instance, is certainly to effect some correction of the traditional portrait. Fielding's industry, his learning, and his zeal as a publicist all appear in stronger light than has hitherto been thrown upon them, and unsupported legends of dissipation are more clearly revealed as baseless. His reputation is shown to have suffered both from the carelessness of friends and the malice of enemies, and the essential soundness of his intellectual and social character (which, however, has been underestimated in recent times rather less than Mr. Cross implies) is set forth convincingly.

On the other hand, it can hardly be denied that that "prepossession" with which the biographer started out, coupled with the natural disposition of the scholar to emphasize his special thesis to the disparagement of that which it is intended to displace, has affected unfavorably the balance and proportion of the portraiture. The point of view is that of advocate, not of dispassionate investigator. In particular, the considerable amount of contemporary testimony to the presence, in Fielding, of a certain vein of vulgarity, sensualism, and indifference to rakish or disreputable appearances, Mr. Cross treats with scant patience; commonly he minimizes it as the product of either malice or pharisaism. Walpole's famous letter, describing the novelist supping "with a blind man, three Irishmen, and a whore, on some cold mutton and a bone or ham, both in one dish, and the cursedest dirtiest cloth," is here rewritten, with "the wit and the animus" removed (certainly the wit), into a picture of "a plain man's board around which Fielding, his wife and brother, and three casual guests drew for conversation." (ii, 228.)³ Dr. Hurd's picture of "a poor emaciated, worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery," is the ignorant account, by "a divine of formal morals," of one whose constitution was breaking through "labour and disease." (ii, 310.) Fielding's journalistic quarrel with Aaron Hill is outlined in a purely one-sided fashion, with the fact not concealed, but, so to say, obfuscated, that it began with an unprovoked attack on Fielding's part; whereas his ultimate withdrawal from the contest in scurrility is found

³ Mr. Cross does not explain how he learned that the "whore" was Mrs. Henry Fielding, or how so unfavorable an interpretation could have been placed upon her character, except by hinting that she may have been "not very careful about the appearance of herself or her table."

to be "greatly to his honor." (ii, 392-96.) Confronted by Edward Moore's account of Fielding suffering with the gout, whereof "intemperance is the cause," Mr. Cross admits the passage to be on the whole "a fair portrait of the convivial Fielding in his physical decline," but cannot resist the temptation to add the baseless imputation: "If Fielding ever spent an evening with these Pharisees, we may be sure that they outdrank him." (iii, 5.) Those who are disposed to put stress on Fielding's faults should be warned to beware lest Mr. Cross take pains to reveal themselves as no better than they should be. All the less desirable aspects of Thackeray's career are mercilessly recalled, in revenge for his not unfriendly unfairness to Mr. Cross's hero.⁴ Even Lady Mary Montagu's affectionate reminiscences, in which she described her merry cousin as ready to "forget everything when he was before a venison pasty or over a flask of champagne," are not let pass without the comment that "she trusted too much to hearsay." (iii, 110).

It will be noticed that Mr. Cross is peculiarly sensitive on the subject of Fielding as one who followed his appetites not wisely but too well, having been stirred up by such accounts as that of Thackeray, whose negligent embroidery of such themes in the lectures on the *English Humourists*⁵ is familiar to everyone, and that of Henley, who always displayed a robust and ungodly joy over any departure from the paths of virtue on the part of his literary heroes. But the refutation is rather more complex than candid; in the manner of an attorney, all possible answers are attempted. Everyone drank in Fielding's time; Fielding could not have drunk too much or he could not have worked so hard; his gout, to be sure, was due to the "indulgence of his appetites," but the stronger liquors he avoided "if he practised what he preached" (a protasis of whose security Mr. Cross seems to have no suspicions); his constitution was ruined, we learn at the beginning of the third volume, by "free indulgence of the appetites, insufficient physical exercise, late hours, intense application to literature and study," but at the end of the volume all is forgotten save the hard work, and we are told that to his zeal for social reform he sacrificed "his health and finally his life." All this fumbling with the subject could have been avoided by a single page of dispassionate analysis of the evidence. It would have shown that most recent accounts of Fielding have not erred far from the mark; that he was no debauchee, but both a hard worker and a hearty dweller in the flesh, somewhat given to self-indulgence when it injured no one but himself, not infrequently negligent of decent appearances, quick of temper

⁴ Compare iii, 224, 270.

⁵ Compare his similar embellishment of the more frivolous aspects of Steele.

and quick to conciliate and forgive, and ever disposed to rate downrightness and generosity far above the more feminine virtues such as chastity, temperance, and decorum.

It is but a step from the novelist's personality outside his writings to that within them; and here also Mr. Cross amply supplies the materials for judgment, but may be thought to give little evidence of having penetrated the real significance of the objections which have been raised to Fielding's standards of taste and morals. For the most part he appears to accept, on the matter of morality, the two widely prevalent but utterly superficial tests of realism and poetic justice: that is, *Tom Jones* may be defended on the one hand on the ground that it is true to human nature in general and the life of the eighteenth century in particular, and on the other hand on the ground that the story is moral because the hero is made to suffer more or less for his sins. These, as Mr. Cross very well knows, are the perpetual refuge of the apologist for the undesirable in fiction. The true tests go much deeper, into such questions as whether, in the work in question, the distinction between the admirable and the unadmirable is blurred, whether sound judgments and healthy associations of feeling are called up by the action, or author and reader are swept into a current of sympathy with the unworthy thing.⁶ That Fielding's work as a whole will bear these tests triumphantly, few will refuse to agree. But at certain points there is at least room for debate; and the problem is not primarily, as Mr. Cross intimates, one of eighteenth-century manners.⁷ It is, in the first place, one of delicacy of feeling—the region where taste and morality meet. And there, as we have seen, Fielding was lacking, more or less, in that element of the *ewig-weibliche* which is present in both manhood and art when they are symmetrically complete. This is the germ of truth in Taine's passage on Fielding's conceiving of man as "a good buffalo," with the context on the novelist's fondness for cow-houses, taverns, and vulgar "wayside accidents"—a passage which Mr. Cross quotes only to revile its author. Leslie Stephen, on the other hand, though he parts company from Taine and is a zealous defender of Fielding's "solid homespun

⁶ Compare Macaulay (Essay on Hunt's Restoration Dramatists): "Morality is deeply interested in this, that what is immoral shall not be presented . . . in constant connection with what is attractive."

⁷ Twice he makes the more than questionable statement that, if we should only exclude the Lady Bellaston episode, *Tom Jones* would become a classic of the fireside, for *virginibus puerisque*. The Lady Bellaston episode is certainly that which has given admirers of the hero of the story most difficulty in maintaining their sympathy, but it is not on that account the main point in considering the ethical atmosphere of the book. To put the matter bluntly and concretely, the young male reader of our time is not likely to envy Tom his adventures with Lady Bellaston, but may very well feel otherwise toward those with Molly Seagrim and Mrs. Waters.

morality" in the large, does not conceal the wish "that, if such scenes were to be depicted, there might have been a clearer proof that the artist had a nose and eyes capable of feeling offence." (*Hours in a Library*, ii, 193.)

But the deeper matter than that of taste is the novelist's doctrine of vice and virtue, his beliefs respecting the importance and the relationship of different aspects of morality. Like most satiric humorists, Fielding was peculiarly interested in the virtues of the disreputable and the vices of the respectable among mankind, and was disposed to find the chief and saving virtue, good nature or benevolence, prevalent among those who were frowned upon for the more good-natured vices. Conversely, the frowners were likely to prove hypocrites. Thus Joseph Andrews is refused aid, when naked and bleeding, by passengers whose delicacy is offended by his want of clothing, and the only one to assist him is a lad who is rebuked for swearing "a great oath" as he proves himself a Good Samaritan. Parson Adams, when out of funds, is denounced by a fellow-clergyman and relieved by a poor peddler. Tom's intrigue with Molly Seagrim is rebuked as in defiance of the Scriptures by the moral Square—who is presently revealed as entangled in the same sin. All these instances are duly noted by Mr. Cross, in illustration of Fielding's ironic humor; but he fails to note that they not only mark a departure from the realism which the novelist professed, but also indicate a certain distortion in the balance of his ethics. In other words, Fielding represents the moral purist as a Puritan, and his notion of puritanism—as commonly—involves a suggestion not merely of severity but of hypocrisy. (We have seen how Mr. Cross instinctively follows this example when, in reporting Moore's account of Fielding as a victim of convivial habits, he assumes that Moore would have outdrunk him!) The unamiable Sir John Hawkins, perceiving this tendency in the novelist's thought, and its anti-social implications, accused Fielding of teaching a fictitious morality, "that of Lord Shaftesbury vulgarised," which resolved virtue into good affections and made goodness of heart a "substitute for probity." One can hardly complain when Mr. Cross calls this attack (iii, 163) "the ne plus ultra of malicious criticism;" yet it would have been worth while to show on what nucleus of truth it was built up.⁸ This nucleus is the same which made Thackeray, certainly no mere purist, question the moral implications of Fielding's presentation of his chief creation;—was Tom Jones really the excellent young man that we are evidently intended, on the whole, to think him? On this there is ample room for two opinions, as always when the more formal and

⁸ Especially since Mr. Cross himself elsewhere cleverly points out the fact that Fielding's presentation of Tom Jones's character may be viewed as a kind of "humorous test" of Shaftesbury's ethical system. (ii, 212.)

the more emotional moralists meet. But it is much to be desired that the issue shall be presented clearly, and not with the implication that all objections to the morality of Fielding's attitude are the result of either malice or stupidity.⁹

Mention has been made, in passing, of the fact that Fielding's theory of morality,—which is closely associated, as in Ben Jonson and other satiric moralists, with his theory of humor or humors,—impairs his realism. He professed to deal with no characters either wholly good or wholly bad, but, as Mr. Cross points out (ii, 206), was led by the theme of hypocrisy to make of Blifl a pure and un-lifelike villain. Moreover, in such episodes as were cited a moment ago, in illustration of the doctrine that virtue and respectability dwell not easily together, there is another sort of departure from realism, the incident being obviously turned, for the sake of the ironic implication, from the normal course of cause and effect. One might also note Fielding's by all means pardonable disposition to heighten the farcical element in humorous action beyond what a modern realist would count legitimate,—a temptation doubtless increased by his early training in popular dramatic comedy. Such matters suggest the opportunity for a somewhat more impartial analysis of the relations of Fielding's theory and his practice than Mr. Cross provides. Yet he may be said to have summed up the essentials of the subject in observing (ii, 176) that "what Garrick was in acting, what Hogarth was in painting, Fielding aimed to be in the novel." And if we except the few controversial matters that have here been emphasized as seemingly profitable for discussion, these volumes furnish a substantial and adequate account of Fielding's literary work as of his life and personality. They are, and are likely to remain, a veritable monument to his name, which future scholarship may supplement but which there can hardly be any occasion to replace.

Mr. Cross's presentation of critical passages concerning Fielding is so full that it may be worth while to note an omission or two, such as Hazlitt's remark that his greatest triumph was in persuading Lamb, "after some years' difficulty, that Fielding was better than Smollett" (On the Conversation of Authors, Works, Waller-Glover ed., vii, 36), and Thackeray's oft-quoted saying that since *Tom Jones* no one has dared "to depict to his utmost power a Man." Less familiar is a letter of Thackeray's to Robert Bell, which seems to have remained unpublished until a few years ago, and which contains one passage substantiating the genuineness of his opinion of *Tom Jones*'s character as expressed in the *English Humourists*: "Forster

⁹ In the case of Thackeray, Mr. Cross suspects them to be due to the lecturer's desire "to win the moral approbation of one part of his audience while amusing the other." (iii, 223).

says, 'After a scene with Blifil, the air is cleared by a laugh of Tom Jones.' Why, Tom Jones in my holding is as big a rogue as Blifil. Before God he is—I mean the man is selfish according to his nature as Blifil according to his." (*London Times*, Weekly Edition, July 21, 1911, p. 581.)

Mention should not be omitted of the remarkably full descriptive bibliography, prepared with the collaboration of Mr. Frederick Dickson. Incidentally this reveals the fact, to any not already aware of it, that the Fielding collection at the Yale Library, largely Mr. Dickson's gift, is so notable as to make New Haven a proper place of pilgrimage for all students of the novelist.

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ENGLISH PAGEANTRY: AN HISTORICAL OUTLINE.
Vol. 1. By Robert Withington. Harvard University Press.
Cambridge, 1918.

The task of reviewing half a book is not an easy one, nor is it fair to the author. The reviewer, in his ignorance of what the unpublished volume may contain, is unable to form an idea of the whole structure, is reluctant to censure the author for omissions which may turn out to be supplied later, cannot judge of certain important duties of scholarship in the absence of bibliography and index, and in many ways is annoyingly hampered. From all these causes my estimate of Mr. Withington's book is bound to suffer, and I beg indulgence for any faults of judgment arising from them.

English Pageantry is in many ways typical of the research by which a Doctorate of Philosophy is won at our universities, not indeed of all kinds of research, but certainly of a very popular kind—the omnium-gatherum. Such works bring inevitably to my mind a saying of Henry Adams about his own students of history at Harvard: "The boys worked like rabbits, and dug holes all over the field of archaic society; no difficulty stopped them; unknown languages yielded before their attack. . . . Their science had no system, and could have none, since its subject was merely antiquarian." What was true of graduate research in Adams' day was also true in mine, when Mr. Withington and I were fellow rabbits. That he was burrowing as intensely as I was, in the same breathless anxiety lest some small piece of fact be overlooked, his published volume shows clearly. He must have had, as I did, an uncontrolled desire to make all knowledge (in the field of his thesis) his province, to gather into one vast heap all that had been written upon his subject. This, as I remember, was the instinctive desire of